

## Strawberry Scare by floatingdreams

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**Summary:**

Mike and Eleven love every season. However, this summer brought on unreal heat that left them desperate for relief. In attempts of cooling off, Eleven offers to make them a refreshing fruit salad. Accidents happen and fluff occurs.

# Strawberry Scare

## Author's Note:

Hello! This is the first oneshot I am posting on here. I hope anyone that reads enjoys!

In the couple's past, they had loved to experience every season that Mother Nature had to offer.

The fall and winter reminded the two of warm beverages, crackling fires with s'mores they'd share, and the feeling of cuddling under one of the Wheeler family's many quilts.

Spring and summer taught had them the joys of sharing a dance in the rain. There wasn't a season they disliked.

But, their love for summer was truly evaporating now that they've found themselves in a small apartment that only had a few fans as their offered relief.

As a solution to the brutal humidity, Eleven had the idea to make her and her fiancé a nice fruit salad.

While she was cutting up the fruit, Mike was laying on the hardwood flooring in their living room with three of their fans pointed at him.

Just as Eleven began washing off various fruits, she heard Mike's voice come from the other room.

"El, do we have any strawberries?"

She quickly responded to him before grabbing one of their kitchen knives, "Yeah, we're all set with our favorites. It shouldn't take too long."

"Are you sure you don't need any help? I may not be the strongest, but I believe I can get myself up from this floor!", he stated goofily.

El let out a giggle before saying, "Mike it's really okay, I can handle this. Plus you're cooking dinner tonight while I lay in front of the

fans, so it's only fair."

She was just almost done dicing up the last remaining strawberries before she let out a mouse-like sneeze and felt a prickle in her finger. Ignoring the minor tingling sensation that was radiating from her finger, she reached over to grab a tissue to blow her nose when she noticed something off.

There were small red dots hitting her kitchen floors as her hand hovered towards the box of tissues. Sure, strawberries were a reddish color and when cut up they left a red tinted puddle of water.

However, this was no water. It had a smell of iron that made her stomach do a small flip. It was then that she recognized the sickly familiar sticky liquid that was coming from her finger.

El connected the dots and realized she had missed the final strawberry when she sneezed and had let the knife come down on her finger.

"Stupid seasonal allergies", she muttered before wrapping her finger up with one of their kitchen cloths.

"Did you say something babe?" called Mike from the same spot as before.

But, Eleven didn't hear him. She had uncovered the finger again to see if the bleeding had subsided. It was then that she noticed just how deep the cut was.

Luckily, her brain was working in overdrive to let her know it was going to be fine. Her finger was in tact, and it wasn't going to go anywhere. However, she knew this wasn't a cut that could be fixed with a simple bandaid.

She was ripped from her thoughts when she heard Mike's feet against their flooring, which was creating a dreadful creaking sound that distracted her.

"Hey I thought I heard you say something and wanted to chec—", he abruptly cut himself off when he stepped in front of El and surveyed his surroundings.

The almost finished strawberries, the red dots that had coated the kitchen tile. His eyes drifted up to El and he finally saw the white cloth that was now stained red. Once his and El's eyes met, all hell broke loose from within him.

"Jesus, Eleven, what happened? Should I call 911? Baby, don't move, stay calm, I'm calling an ambulance."

He was in the process of darting out of the kitchen when El's powers placed him in pause.

"Mike, I'm fine. I just really cut my finger. Would you be okay to drive me to the hospital? I'm sure it just needs some stitches and then we can have dinner later", she stated in a calming voice before letting go of her hold on him.

Mike weaved his fingers through his dark hair before he began panicking.

"This is my fault. I should've been helping. I was the one that wanted strawberries and I let you cut them and I'm so sor-", Mike's words were cut off when El interrupted him.

"Mike, it's not your fault! I sneezed and slipped up. I'm really okay, there's no need for any blame because it is in no way your fault. Let's just go get in the car and get this fixed up, okay?", she finished up her statement and all but dragged Mike from their apartment.

The car ride to the hospital was filled with Mike making sure El still had a pulse while El was reminding Mike to keep his focus on the road.

After a few minutes they found themselves waiting in the emergency room. They had just signed in not even ten minutes ago. Mike kept his gaze locked on El almost as if this cut was going to take her life. Before she even realized he was moving, Mike was up from his seat and back at the front desk.

"Hi, I'm trying to be patient and understanding, but my fiancée is sitting here with blood all over herself. She needs stitches and I'm not going to watch her bleed out while you people do nothing about it!"

Just as he finished berating the staff members at the front desk, El immediately began apologizing.

"I am so sorry, I'm fine waiting, my apologies."

El's cheeks were flaming red from embarrassment. She hauled Mike back to their seats and placed her uncut hand on his face.

"Hey, look at me Mike. I'm okay. I'm sorry I gave you a scare, but I'm really okay. I'm pretty sure it even stopped bleeding. I'm not going anywhere anytime soon."

She knew she had to gently reassure him as she saw how much worry was swimming in his dark brown eyes. His tears built up before he choked out a response.

"I can't see you hurt. I want to take this away from you. I wish it was me. I was so scared when I saw that blood. I can't lose you, El. I really can't lose you and I need you to be safe always", he finished talking as his tears were freed from his eyes.

"Babe, I'm okay. You're not going to lose me to a couple of strawberries, Mike", El said and held back the laugh that wanted to escape her. This situation was just so morbid that she couldn't help but find it comical.

"I don't want to eat a strawberry for the next 7-10 business days. And I mean that. I'm so upset with them and myself for allowing this this to happen."

Mike's response sent the couple into a fit of laughter. They were still laughing when her name got called just a few minutes later.

"El Hopper? We can take you back now."

She pulled Mike up with her and they walked back to a room where El received several stitches. Although it wasn't pleasant, Mike drew comforting patterns onto her back the whole time, which almost took away her pain completely.

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**\*\*One Week Later\*\***

The party members stopped by the following weekend for their monthly movie night. For this month's occasion, Lucas, Max, Will, and Dustin brought El a bouquet of chocolate covered fruits and a balloon that said, 'Get Well Soon!'

As soon as they settled in, Max was quickly occupied by obsessing over Eleven's few stitches.

"Geez, El. Those seasonal allergies tried to cut your finger off! Gnarly!"

Eleven was about to change the subject when she got interrupted by a shout.

"Mike, woah, what did those strawberries ever do to you!?", exclaimed Dustin as he watched Mike angrily devour a chocolate covered strawberry.

Eleven let out a cackle as Mike's eyes met her's from across the room. He had chocolate covering his lips and strawberry juice dripping down his chin. She grabbed a paper towel and walked over to clean off her fiancé.

"Stop holding a grudge against your favorite fruit, I'm fine love", she said quietly.

Mike leaned down and gave her a peck on the lips that lingered longer than the party would have preferred. When their lips disconnected, Mike laid his forehead against hers and spoke softly so only she could hear him.

"I can't lose you, so I'm going to eat every strawberry that comes within an inch of you. I love you so much."

It was silly that Mike was as rattled by this experience as he was, but Eleven understood where he was coming from. They've been through so much and have nearly lost one another more than they could handle. She couldn't lose him, and he couldn't lose her. Their souls had been intertwined and they needed each other to survive.

El softly replied with, "I love you too", before connecting their lips once again. Nothing could ever take the two of them away from one

another.

**Author's Note:**

Thank you all for reading my first oneshot. If you have any comments or critiques, please leave them for me to read!

See you all next time!

— Mel xx